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Miscellaneous.

The Ins'titu of the Japanese.

A Dutch traveller named Lauts, who resided for some time in the trading port of Japan, has published a work entitled, "Japan in its Political and Civil Institutions," which contains much that is new and curious respecting that mysterious Empire.—We have translated and arranged for *The Tribune* the most interesting portions of his revelations. They will amply repay a perusal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Japanese, like many other races, connect the fabulous period of their history with their religion. They consider the ruler of the empire to be descended from a divinity, who came down from Heaven upon the Japanese Islands, which he made fertile and populated, instructing the inhabitants in the arts of life and the doctrines of religion. In order that this supernatural race shall not become extinct, the Emperor is allowed twelve wives, and is succeeded by his eldest son. From this sanctity of origin is derived the custom of never wearing the same clothes more than once. The dishes and cups in which food

and drink are handed to him are also used but once; and likewise the cooking implements. Nevertheless, these vessels are not of varnished wood, which is mostly used throughout Japan, but of clay or porcelain, which, after one use, is shivered to pieces. The present reigning family dates back to the seventh century before Christ, and numbers upwards of 124 rulers.

The second son of the *Mikado* (emperor) was formerly his father's chief military officer: but afterwards one of the rulers, out of love for his third son, made the office alternate triennially between the second and third sons. In the course of a few generations, so much jealousy arose between the alternate generals that, in their dissensions, the Emperor himself was robbed of the greater part of his power, and, since the year 1586, has been little more than a nominal ruler. However, he is still considered as holy and as absolute in power, though the *Sjogun*, or Crown-General, takes his place in all civil affairs.

Each chief city or province of Japan has two Governors, who relieve each other every alternate year. The

one not in office remains in Jeddo, the capital city of Japan, where he receives from his colleague regular communications concerning everything that occurs, so that he is ready to resume the authority at the appointed time. Every Governor has two Secretaries, who divide the departments of justice between them, and control the subordinate civil officers. During the absence of the Governor, Secretaries and Justices in the appointed province, their wives and children are left in Jeddo, as hostages for the faithful performance of their duty. The Princes are subject to the same rules as the Governors, spending a year on their domain and a year in Jeddo alternately. During their absence from the capital, they are obliged to live in the greatest seclusion, leaving their residence only on stated occasions. All their duties are so arranged beforehand, that they are mere automata in action. Besides this, they are surrounded with secret spies, who report all their movements to the capital.

The government of the cities, at least at Nagasaki, the trading port of Japan, is in the hands of nine burghesses, whose office is hereditary. They can only judge by a unanimous vote. Under them are the *Ottomas*, who have charge of a street or quarter, and who also direct the police and decide arbitrations. Under these again are the *Kasiras*, who take care of single houses and families. In Nagasaki, as well as through the whole Empire, each street is 114 Dutch yards in length, with a door at each end, so that all communications with the rest of the city may be cut off. Each street has a hundred or more houses; and at its end is a small shrine on a stone pedestal, shaped like a lantern, and containing two or three images of the gods. There are, also, in each street several watch-houses, which at night, and on all extraordinary occasions, are provided with a watch, chosen by turns from among the inhabitants of the street. The Japanese consider the watchman holy, and opposition to him, or ridicule of his office, are considered capital offences, and punished with death. In

times of danger, each family furnishes one man; five men from the adjoining houses form a troop; and twenty-five troops march together under the command of the *Kasiras* and the *Ottomas*.

The head of the family is responsible for his children and associates, no matter who the latter may be: besides which, every five adjoining families are responsible for each other. It is, therefore, the duty of each head of a family to take notice of the affairs of his neighbor, and acquaint the *Kasaria* with everything that happens. If this is not promptly done, he is involved in his neighbor's guilt and suffers the same punishment, even if it be banishment or death. This universal responsibility prevents many crimes and treasonable plots, and executions seldom take place. The Judge disregards all mitigating circumstances in the exercise of his office; but he is careful to punish only when the laws have been knowingly and wilfully broken. Nowhere is there greater security of person and property than in Japan. This cunning system, founded on reciprocal espionage and reciprocal responsibility, binds together as with an intricate net high and low, princes and subjects. From the arteries of the body politic its branches out into the finest hairdrawn channels in every department of trade and society.

Not only Princes, Ministers of State and other high officers transmit their stations to their eldest sons, but officers, tradesmen, and mechanics in general. Those who have no sons may adopt a brother or some other blood relation, or even a person of inferior rank. Princes, however, require the consent of the Emperor. A singular example of adoption happened during the reign of the Emperor Josi Mune. The Prince of Figo was murdered in the Imperial Palace on a festival day, leaving behind neither a lineal nor an adopted son. When the Emperor was informed of this, he ordered that everything should happen as if the Prince was only wounded. The corpse was, therefore, seated in a litter and carried to the princely residence of Figo, where messengers every day arrived from the Emperor,

inquiring how he fared. Finally, a messenger communicated to the corpse the imperial permission to adopt his youngest brother, who was ordered to appear before the Emperor and be installed as successor, even if the Prince should in the meantime have died of his wounds. The Prince of Figo was therefore "inwardly" dead, according to the Japanese method of speech, while he was "outwardly" still in life. In this manner an official sometimes lives two or three years "outwardly" after he has actually died. This happens particularly when he has left debts at his death. His office is then administered by another, who receives only a portion of the salary, the remainder of which goes toward discharging his liabilities.

The principal punishments in Japan are banishment, house-arrest, decapitation, crucifixion and disembowelling. Those condemned to banishment are sent either to a desert island, to a fortress in the mountains, or to the copper mines. House-arrest is visited on high and low, and is alike dishonoring. The doors and windows are nailed up with boards, all connection with the street is prohibited, and the men are forbidden to shave. This punishment usually lasts a hundred days. Decapitation is performed with little ceremony. The Princes and other dignitaries have power to punish their servants and subjects with death, and beheading is frequently performed in the interior of the palaces without occasioning particular notice. Crucifixion is inflicted in two ways—either with the head upwards or downwards. Those who suffer in the former way, sit upon a cross-piece which is fastened upon an upright post, their feet bound to a beam below. After the criminal has been fastened so that he cannot move, he is pierced repeatedly with a lance having a broad, thin blade. It is said that the servants of justice are so skilled in their art, that they sometimes transfix the criminal's body sixteen times before he expires.—Those who are crucified with their heads downwards, are suffered to die in that position. Sometimes small gashes are made in the top of the head, in order to liberate the over-

charged blood-vessels. This has the effect of prolonging life, and the terrible punishment is sometimes endured ten days before death relieves the sufferer.

The act of disembowelling is a privilege of the better classes, who from their youth are all taught the rules and regulations under which it must be observed. On the occasion of performing the act, a particular garment must be worn, and the nobles never neglect taking it with them when they set out upon a journey. When a person is condemned to disembowel himself—which does not often happen—his sons and brothers, as well as his father and uncles, are all obliged to perform the same operation on themselves. All receive the sentence, so that the act is done by all at the same time. The condemned person invites his most intimate friends, and assembles with them, frequently in the inner court of a temple, where they carouse and drink liberally of *sake*, (a strong liquor prepared from rice, which is used in Japan instead of wine.) The condemned then pronounces a farewell address, takes leave of his friends, and after the imperial command has been read aloud, draws his sabre, leans forward, and makes a straight cut across his body. A favorite servant, or one of his friends, stands behind him and immediately strikes his head off. In this manner the timid are helped out of the world. Those who are bolder sometimes gash their body in the form of a cross, and end by plunging the blade into their throats.

Voluntary disembowelling is not unfrequent. Nobles or warriors make use of it when, through their own neglect, or the guilt of their subordinates, they have reason to anticipate punishment. Governors also perform it, when some misdeed has happened within their jurisdiction, the perpetrator of which they cannot point out. In all these cases the Japanese prefers voluntary disembowelling to a slight but dishonorable punishment, since he thus preserves the honor of his family and secures his son successor in the office. The same operation is also performed in the presence of a person

by whom the suicide has been injured or offended. In Japan an insult can only be washed out by one's own blood.

Although there is no division of castes in Japan, as in China and India, the different classes are distinctly separated, and it is almost impossible for one of a low rank ever to reach a higher, except through the medium of adoption. The highest class is the nobility, which is again divided into the higher and lower, the former of whom are allowed to wear white garments. Next come the warriors, who carry sabres in their girdles; and then the priests, who in rank alone, but not in position, stand higher than the former. The intelligent class consists mostly of civil officers, physicians, and other scientific men. They have the right to wear sabres and pantaloons—a right also possessed by the lowest of their servants. To the lower classes belong the merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the day-laborer. According as a trade or profession is held in the public estimation, are the persons who carry it respected or despised. Thus the artist, and even the farmer, though they are generally poor, are more respected than the merchant, no matter how great may be his wealth.

The peasants and the lower classes are exposed to all kinds of oppression, and pass their lives, with few exceptions, in a state of the greatest misery. Leather-dressing, and everything connected with it, is the most despised occupation. Those who carry it on are shut out from respectable society. The executioners are always chosen from amongst them, and they are, therefore, the most degraded class of men.

For the Sailor's Magazine,

Conversions at Sea.

EXTRACT FROM THE "REMAINS OF
MRS. CATHARINE WINSLOW."

The ship, bound to India with missionaries on board, was eighty-seven days out when the following record commences:—

"Appearances among the sailors are very pleasing. Two seem really

and entirely changed. Some of their remarks, when speaking of their experience, are quite affecting. One says, 'I once could not have borne to be with a minister, and hear him talk of the concerns of the soul for half an hour. No, I should rather have been in irons. Once I could not read my Bible; now I read chapter after chapter, and wish to read more: then I find it so pleasant to go on deck and meditate on it in my night watch.' The person conversing with him says, 'Well, do you not sometimes think it wonderful?' 'It is all a wonder, a wonder of mercy,' was his reply. Another remarks (when speaking of the depravity of some on board), 'It hurts me inside to hear any of them swearing.' Besides the two I have mentioned, there are several others who appear to be inquiring."

Four days later. "As we were conversing of the wonderful doings of the Lord in our midst, and mourning that the captain manifested no particular seriousness, a light knock was heard at our door, and on opening it one of the brethren entered to say that, late as it was, he could not go to bed without telling us that he had been talking with the captain, that he had expressed great anxiety, and confessed that for many days he had been wretched, that he would give all he had in the world if he could but obtain the 'pearl of great price.' He could not be made to understand that it was offered without money, and without price; that it was freely given to all who repent, and forsake their sins, and come to Christ. * * * Four of the seamen give good evidence of having been born again. We will praise our God for all that is past, and trust him for all that's to come."

Three days later. "The captain has been under deep convictions of sin for several days. He told Mr. Winslow that he could not pray, although he had made many attempts. He has appeared to be very wretched, his eyes swollen with weeping most of the time. The burden of sin was very dreadful to him, and yet he could see no way of getting rid of it. If money could do it, he would give all he had, was his expression; but he

knew that the wealth of the Indies could not purchase peace for the guilty conscience. The simple truths of the Gospel were often set before him in all plainness, and prayer was offered at stated seasons in our rooms in reference to his case. Monday, all day, we noticed a very pleasant change in his appearance; a quiet joy seemed to pervade his whole being. He said but little to any one; was much alone. I sat up late in the evening in my room, and was wondering why Mr. Winslow did not come, as it was our hour for retiring, and he was usually down earlier. When he did come, it was to bring glad tidings. He had been conversing with the captain, and had learned from him that prayer was no longer a burden, but a delight; that he could now come with the feelings of a child to a father, and plead for pardon; that he hoped for acceptance through Jesus Christ. He seemed to be full of peace and joy. I never, I think, felt more affected at any instance of the like kind. The intelligence was communicated to one or two of the friends who had been much interested for him, and soon the voice of thanksgiving was heard ascending to God for his mercies to us. We rejoiced in the conversion of one whose influence over the seamen is great, and who will be likely now to exert that influence on the Lord's side."

Arrival at Madras. "We have had some most delightful seasons on our ships deck, so deeply interesting as to make me quite unwilling to leave; it seemed like leaving a consecrated home. The Lord has been with us there, filling our hearts with joys almost unutterable. Our last two or three meetings were such as I have never before witnessed, and scarcely had an idea of. The morning we were expecting to come on shore, the captain, mates, and seamen were all with us at prayers in our cabin. After the usual reading and prayer by one of the brethren, the mate gave a most moving address to such of the sailors as were not serious; after which he prayed *for us, for all*. His prayer was most remarkably adapted to the case of each,

the words most appropriate. It seemed that he was indeed taught by the Holy Spirit, and that the Author and Inspirer of Prayer was assisting him with every word he uttered. It came from the heart, and reached to the heart. There was much weeping in our midst. The presence of the Lord seemed to fill the place; we could rejoice in the conviction that his love was still with us. * * * * At the close of the meeting, the seamen came to us, shook hands, received the parting exhortation, and the farewell word."

Thus ended a voyage in which the captain, his officers, and six of his men found peace in believing in Jesus.

Seamen's Advances.

SIPPICAN, March 17, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I waited some time for the Magazine, with the hope of seeing some profitable suggestions in relation to the above subject. Not meeting any, I will redeem my promise to "write on."

What I have written heretofore has been written more with the view of keeping the subject before the minds of the friends of seamen, that thereby some plan may be elicited for the promotion of their welfare, than in opposition to the discontinuance of the system of advance pay; and I have hoped that some one would take up the subject and tell us the *why*, the *when*, and the *how*: and it has constantly appeared to me that those of your correspondents, experienced men though they may be, who have written in favour of the change have not duly reflected on the difficulty to be encountered when they seem to have suggested its discontinuance, *volens volens*, or as an arbitrary measure.

If my recollection of statistics is correct, the change contemplated touches the interests of nearly three millions of men. They are not all Americans, the subjects of American laws, and American customs, but we look to a change in the long-established customs of the whole maritime world. We are to deal with a class

of men, too, of peculiar characters and habits.

Floating upon the surface of this moving sea of life, we may find a few under the restraints of religion, a few more whose moral sense is not so blunted as to have lost all its influence, and perhaps another few around whom society and the recollection of a home once dear, the scenes of childhood and youth, or the tears of a mother and sisters, may throw their hallowed influence; but below this, and buried in the depths of vice and profligacy, "rioting in the day time" in every sink of pollution, are there thousands more. Such, friends, such are the men whom this change contemplates. Not in New York, nay: not in American cities, but the maritime cities of all Europe, and the world.

Who cares for the advance? Would not sailors go to sea without it? Most certainly they would. Under a sense of their degradation, nauseated with their debauchery, sick of everything around them, and hating even themselves (for there are periods when they awake to a sense of their being men), they are eager of any change for relief; they will ship to go on to a winter's coast without ever thinking, or knowing, whether they have a second jacket, or shirt, stockings or shoes. Go? yes, they must go. Their money is gone, their clothes are pawned, and there is no longer a seat for them at the table, or a six feet by three to unroll their mat-trass, if they have one. And, now, my friends, here is poor Jack, look at him in the light in which I have presented him (and in general it is the true light), then arbitrarily discontinue his advance and send him to sea. What owner would want his ship so manned?—what master would not want a double complement of such materials?

You will conclude, perhaps, that I think this custom of the nations unchangeable, far from it. I believe it may be changed to advantage, and I am in favor of reform.

It originated, and grew, upon the necessities of the times, to induce men to enter upon a life full of hardship, and toil, and risk. These things

are materially changed, and because there is less necessity, there is probably more profligacy. Still, however, something of the kind is needed, and must be.

Your correspondents have not begun to tell the evils which grow out of its abuse. For the benefit of all concerned, there ought to be a change. When? Now! now, if ever! When there is an acknowledged evil, now is the time to do it away. Now is the age of reform, now is the period of better influences! Now is the day of the *world's last hope*! But *how*? This is the great question. *How*? To me there is but one simple answer to this great question, viz., by a *substitute*.

When we take into consideration the numbers, the characters, and the interests to be affected by this measure, it assumes, to me, an imposing appearance. Parties must be satisfied with the change, it must conform to the characters affected by it, and interests must not be compromised,

Suppose, by the imperfect adjustment of a pecuniary question, we were to turn adrift upon the expanse of the great waters a body of desperate men. May not history teach us a lesson upon this subject? Or suppose, on the other hand, there were none left to man our ships but such as are now willing to go to sea, and can go without advances; suppose, again, an ordinary ship's company at sea on a winter's coast, a crew composed of all nations and all languages, unused to subordination, reckless of consequences, half clad, and with the complaint upon their lips of change of custom. There are evils behind, friends; but there are dangers before. I hope some wise head will see to it, that we don't "jump from the frying-pan into the fire." I have thought of many things to substitute, but I have not yet a well-digested plan. It has seemed to me that the Government of the United States might pay a bounty of two dollars per month for native seamen, on return from a voyage, on certificate of good behaviour, in place of the fishing bounty, (which is acknowledged, I believe, on all hands to be a nullity, so far as concerns the

object for which it was instituted;) and that a stow chest should be provided, out of which sailors should be clad, when needed, and that foreign sailors should be encouraged in good behaviour by the hope of reward. If he is indeed "the child of the ship," let him be made effectually so, and if the ship be wrecked on the voyage, let him be provided with support abroad, and a passage home at least, (if his monthly pay be not continued until he reach the port of departure,) at the expense of his employer, under some provision which would insure his good conduct. As with children, so with sailors; the hope of reward is a more powerful motive, generally, than the fear of punishment, and a smile will often send a man with alacrity where a handspike could not drive him. Those who have been the most strict observers of sailor character will conclude, with Solomon, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

With the hope of living to see much good yet done to my class, I subscribe myself yours, N. B.

From the Evening Mail.

Portsmouth Sailors' Home.

SIR—There is established at Portsmouth, by voluntary subscription, a Sailors' Home, on the plan of the one in Welleclose-square, London. Captain Hall, late of the *Dragon*, deserves great credit for setting it agoing; he has been supported by Sir Francis Austin, Sir Edward Parry, Captain Gambier, and other influential naval officers and inhabitants of Portsmouth, and it bids fair to meet with marked success. It was opened on the 23d of April; the *Asia* has been the first ship paid off since; and, notwithstanding the opposition it has met with from the sharks in the shape of human beings who are always ready to pounce on the poor sailor, many of the ship's company have found the benefit of it. It is, for want of sufficient funds, established on a small scale, but it possesses all the comforts and security so necessary for the sailor. Her Majesty, with her usual liberality, has given a donation of 100 guineas; Sir Francis Baring 10 guineas, and an

annual subscription of one pound. Not much more could be expected from him as a member for the borough, for were he to give it the support the First Lord of the Admiralty ought to do, his seat would be in jeopardy. Two other lords have given £1 apiece, and they have promised a library.

I think this institution, as well as one in each naval port, should be assisted at first by a small grant from Parliament. I once brought it before the house, and the then Board promised to entertain it, but since they went out of office no more has been heard of it. The present Admiralty, I am disposed to think, are not very anxious about it conceiving, as they do, that the flag-ships at the different ports are the natural sailors' homes.

I think their Lordships are mistaken. Sailors, like their officers, after having been several years in harness, wish a very different relaxation from what they get on a guard ship, and it is on first coming on shore, with their pockets full of money, that they require protection; it is well known they are perfectly incapable of protecting themselves. After being paid, they land with their bedding and their bag. Should they have families in the port where they are paid off they have some chance of safety, but what prospect has the poor fellow who has neither friends nor relations of escaping? The moment he gets out of the dockyard gates he is surrounded by rogues of every description, who hurry him to a lodging-house. The probability is, he gets drunk before he is there an hour, and is robbed of his money, which he is obliged to secure about his person the best way he can.

Now, Sir, the Sailors' Home will give him peace, comfort, and safety; he will be furnished with a cabin where he can lock up his clothes and money, or he may give it in charge to the governor of the establishment. Should he wish to send it to his home, or, if he has none, and is bound to London, Liverpool, or any other port where there is a Home, he will find it there on his arrival.

A good deal has been lately done for the sailor when serving, but nothing for his protection when on shore.

Indeed, it is often remarked that the sooner he gets rid of his money, the sooner he will rejoin the service. That may be true, but is it just to leave him at the mercy of the harpies who prey upon him?

We have had a long peace, Sir; much money has been spent on the navy; it has been rebuilt two or three times over, but it has never entered into the heads of our rulers how it is to be manned.

Impressment is now out of the question; but show the sailor that the country cares for him, and there will be no difficulty in manning the navy, nor will there be any occasion to continue that barbarous system of paying the sailor with the topsail sheet in his hands; there will be no occasion to keep six month's pay in hand, lest he should desert. Why should he not be treated with confidence and receive his money when he has earned it, like men in any other profession?

It is the custom when ships are commissioned and fitted out, to allow the greater part of the men to go on shore in the evening; they have no home, and are received in the very lowest pot-houses; a score is run up against them for double what they receive, and which it requires the greater part of their advance to pay. All this will be cured by the establishment of Sailors' Homes.

I remain your obedient servant,

CHARLES NAPIER.

MERCHISTOUN, June 15.

The Captain and a Dying Man.

A correspondent of the Blair County (Pa.) Whig, furnishes that paper with the particulars of an interesting incident, of which he was an eye-witness. It occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvements of that State. It is one of those scenes of genuine kindheartedness which fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At the point this side the mountain, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the west, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through"

to the east. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about a half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise—

"Sir, we wish to go on east—but our further progress to-day depends on you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain—what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To the unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and, entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm—consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced, and spoke to him kindly.

"Oh! sir," said the shivering invalid looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectations—"are you the captain—and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence; and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but, oh! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time, the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they beheld coming from the cars, with the him sick

man cradled in his arms. Pushing directly through the crowd with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread, in the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and, in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went, and from their midst arose a white-haired man, who, with the tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him, and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present.

On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a “God speed!” on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother!

The true-hearted captain of that boat was General SAMUEL D. KARNS, and the above incident is worth remembering.

Never e afraid to do your Duty.

Nearly every man, however depraved, has a chord by which you can gain access to his ear and his heart. Some years ago, an eccentric brother in the ministry accepted an invitation to visit the village of —, and hold a meeting on Sabbath evening. He was, however, warned of some danger to his person from persons who might be present; but as there were hundreds in the village who rarely, if ever, attended a religious meeting, none being held in the place, he resolved to go. On his way, a timid friend informed him that a plan was on foot among some of the fishermen to prevent his preaching. Nothing intimidated, he approached the school-house, and found collected from one

to two hundred men and boys. A small number of females stood in the distance. Such a motley, rough-looking company, with their unshaven faces, oiled coats and pantaloons, and long pipes, from which clouds of smoke arose, he had never before seen. There was some murmuring, and a gruff remark or two, backed by an oath, as our friend approached. He did not hesitate, however, but passed directly through the crowd, and entered the school-house. The rabble followed. Not a head was uncovered, not a pipe put out. After a pause, the preacher commenced by saying, “As you are all fishermen, I will read you the story of a fisherman of former days. He was a noble-hearted fellow, and did much good. His part was always done when engaged on board his craft. When on shore, he was never found in any dirty business. In every respect he was a model of a fisherman. Not like some whom I could mention. Such you may always know, whether ashore or afloat. If they go into company, they publish their meanness. If they go to a meeting, they seek to do evil and not good. They are what sailors call shirks. If there are any of them here to-night, they will expose themselves by noise, oaths, or something worse.” Thus, in a rough way, the brother shamed them into silence, secured an earnest attention, and it was but a short time before nearly every head was uncovered, and every pipe put out. An incident in the life of Peter was then read, and after prayer, a text from the words of “another fisherman” was taken, and a more attentive audience could not have listened to the preacher. Before he concluded, some of the sunburnt faces were wet with tears. As the congregation left the house, one was heard to say, “John, I thought you was going to stop him; why didn’t you do it?” “Why, Bill, the fact is, if I had, the whole village would have called me the shirk, so I waited for some one else to start.” “Well, I don’t know how it was with the rest of you, but hang me, John, every time I thought of letting him have it, if the strength didn’t leave my legs; and before he got through,

he started a leak in my eyes, and then it was all over with me. I couldn't do it."

Our friend has frequently preached in that village since to crowded houses.
—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A Voice of Warning.

I witnessed once a scene which comes appropriately in place here. During the commencement exercises of Emory College, upon one occasion, the Governor of the State of Georgia and his lady, with a goodly number of other friends, were staying with me. All were light-hearted, cheerful, and happy, when a female form, plainly but neatly attired, entered my gate, and advanced to my door. I received her, and, upon her request to see the governor, I conducted her to his room.

"Governor," said she, "I am the mother of the man who is to be executed, four days hence, at Columbus for murder. Hearing of his sentence in Maryland, where I live, I hastened with all speed to Milledgeville, to beg of you a respite of his sentence till the meeting of the Legislature. There my money gave out; but not finding you there, I have followed you hither, having walked most of the way (sixty-five miles) to make the request. Governor, will you not suspend the sentence?"

"Madam," said the governor, his eyes already filled with tears, for no governor ever had a kinder heart, "if I were to grant the respite, you could not possibly reach him with it, in your enfeebled and exhausted situation, in time to save him."

"Yes, I will, governor; give it to me, and I will have it in Columbus before the hour of execution arrives."

"Then you would have to travel night and day for four nights and three days and a half."

"Only give me the respite, and it shall reach him in time. I shall see him, anyhow, before he dies; but I have no time to lose."

"Madam," said the governor, "I most deeply sympathize with you, and it pains me to tell you that I should violate my official duty to grant the respite. I have examined the case,

and I cannot find a single mitigating circumstance in it, in your son's favor."

"Oh, governor! my son is not a murderer at heart. His disposition is peaceable. He was not himself when he committed the deed. Oh, governor! here on my knees before you, I pray you have pity on a poor, heart-broken, widowed mother!"

Our wives sobbed aloud, and the governor and myself mingled our tears profusely over the bending suppliant. There was but one of the group that could speak, and that one bore the burden of us all, multiplied a thousand fold. The governor raised her from her knees, and repeated, by a shake of the head, what he had already said.

And now went forth from that poor woman's heart—what shall I call it? A *sigh*? It was not that. A *sob*? It was not that. A *groan*? It was not that; but an indescribable out-breathing of all that is eloquent in grief, and melting in sorrow. Her accents had caught the ears of the group in the adjoining porch, and produced a death-like silence there; and my habitation, so lately the scene of mirth, was like the court of death.

At length she broke silence:—

"If there is no hope, I must hasten to my child before he dies."

She rose, and tremblingly advanced to the porch, followed by the sympathizing friend, but unyielding chief magistrate. She passed the crowd without seeming to notice them; and, as her foot fell upon the step that was to conduct her away from the habitation of hope, she cast back a melting look, and commenced her last appeal, with "Oh! governor! for God's sake"—when she sunk to the floor. At length, rising as if moved by the thought she was losing the time which alone would enable her to see her son alive, she retired.

The governor disappeared with her; his carriage soon followed; and though no questions were asked on his return, I doubt not that he offered her the best solace he could, in her extremity, without a breach of duty.

Now, I ask, what is all the good that ardent spirits have ever done

compared with the pangs which this one poor widow has suffered? But hers was no uncommon case. Multiply her afflictions by ten thousand, and you will get the *exponent* of what one class, and that about the best of our race, have suffered from the use of inebriating drinks. Ah! God bless you, men, I fear we shall have a dread account to render at the court of heaven, for our dealings with this class of the human family.—*Rev. A. B. Longstreet.*

Worlds of Dreadful Meaning.

How single circumstances convey worlds of dreadful meaning, we sometimes see developed in a striking manner. And how many more instances, and how much more extraordinary and powerful, there are to be known in eternity, we cannot even imagine. We remember the story of a hardened wrecker on the coast of England, whose son went from him to a distant country, and was gone for years. Meantime the hardened, wretched parents pursued their career of crime, watching for wrecks, sometimes causing them by false lights, stripping the dead bodies cast on shore, sometimes killing their victims when but half dead. At length one night, after a long cessation of storms, there came a dreadful gale, and in it a large ship was cast upon the shore. The wrecker hastened to his work, and encountering a body with jewels and riches upon it, to make sure of his prey, he stabbed the unfortunate victim, and then, among other things, drew from his finger a costly jewel. When, after his midnight work, he returned home, and came to the light with his spoils, on showing the ring, it was found to be that he had given to his own son on his departure, and that his son was the captain of the wrecked ship, and that son the father had murdered! This was retribution, terrible and stern, even in this life. And this was a revelation by one circumstance! How much hung upon this ring! What knowledge of crime and woe were connected with it! But what innumerable associations of this kind remain to be revealed!

What revealing circumstances will come up in eternity, if not before, full of just such worlds of conviction and remorse to the conscience!

A man's sins in this world are often like old, forgotten, buried coins. They have grown rusty and illegible. They are laid away in the mind like the lumber in the shop of an antiquary. But they all have an image and superscription. They have dates and hieroglyphics full of meaning. And there is a process by which they may be restored. The rust can be rubbed from the surface, and by fire, if no way else, the letters can again be read. So it is with men's forgotten sins. They are to have a resurrection. Some of them shall arise even with the body, shall pass from this earthly body into that spiritual body which is to spring from it. For as the body that is laid in the grave is to be in some sense the germ of that body which is to be raised, so the character of the body which is to be raised shall be determined by the character of the body which is interred. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. Sin is the seed, sin and death shall be the harvest. Neither can the sins, which are not written in a man's constitution, be forgotten, any more than those which, in their consequences in his spiritual body, are to rise with him in the resurrection. All shall come to light. The image and superscription shall be visible.—*Materials for a future Judgment, by Dr. Cheever*

A Bible Leaf in the Wind.

A young man of New Jersey, about twenty, was engaged in the labors of the farm during the early part of the summer of 18—. He was walking leisurely with cart and oxen along the public road, when his eye caught sight of a little piece of paper, which a breath of passing wind gently stirred up and set in motion. He walked on. Curiosity, however, was excited. He stopped, went back, picked up the paper to see what it might be. It was the fragment of a Bible leaf. He read as he followed his team.

The summer had scarcely ended,

when the farmer's son was suddenly seized with a fatal disease. During the intervals of agony, he was told his danger, and asked whether he was prepared to die. He assured his heart-broken parents his peace was made with God. On his bed of death he declared what the Lord had done for his soul. That Bible leaf in the wind was guided by His hand who directs the sun. This flying Scripture was an arrow out of Jehovah's quiver. From that soiled, tattered page, carelessly picked up by the wayside, spake the voice of the Lord to his slumbering soul. Conscience awoke. Sin unknown or forgotten revived. His guilty, burdened spirit cried to God in secret places. The Lord heard the suppliant, and with the Bible, now his companion, pointed him to the Lamb which taketh away sin. In Jesus he hath found redemption through his blood, and forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. And when death started up in his path and called him, with scarce a moment's notice, from the pursuit of the farm and the endearments of home away into eternity, he was possessed of an anchor sure and steadfast. That flying Bible leaf had taken hold of his heart, and linked his soul safely to the throne of God.—*Presbyterian*.

—♦—
From the Spirit of the Lakes.

My Last Voyage.

I remember well the vessel in which I made my last trip across the Atlantic as a regular sailor. It was the ship *Emblem*, of ———. She was a fine craft, had a young, noble-spirited man for her captain. Part of her crew were white, and part were black. We left Liverpool, freighted with human beings, destined to the port of New York. Many things occurred to break the monotony of the passage, as there always does on board an emigrant ship. We had a pleasant time until we reached the banks of Newfoundland, when circumstances with us changed. We exchanged a fair for a head wind, fine weather for foul, prosperity for adversity. We here encountered one of the most violent gales of wind that it had ever been

my lot to witness. It had lasted for several days. During most of the time we had been laying to, under close-reefed fore topsail, and it seemed impossible to show even this little canvas much longer. The hatches were battened down, and between decks were stowed some three hundred and fifty human beings, who, for fear of being swept overboard, were not allowed to come on deck. The watch on deck might be seen hanging on to the backstays and halyards, and some conversing under the lee of the long-boat. Among the latter was a fine, noble-spirited young man named Robert. We had been conversing upon the dangers, perils, and privations of a sea life. I found that he had arrived at the same conclusion with myself, and that if we were permitted to place our feet upon *terra firma* once more we would settle on shore, and gain our livelihood there. Said he, "W., I am tired of this voyage." Just as these words fell from his lips, the captain, from the quarter deck, bellowed through the speaking trumpet, "Call the watch—take in sail." Three blows with a handspike upon the deck followed, with "All hands, ahoy! take in sail." Every man was at his post; when soon was heard that same hoarse voice, "Clew up the fore topsail, and lay aloft and furl it." Every man sprung to the rigging, and Robert was soon laying out on the weather yard-arm, and the next in-board was a black man. No sooner had the clewlines been hauled up, than the gallant ship broached to, head to wind, throwing the sail so as completely to hide the men on the weather yard-arm. The man at the helm, beholding with consternation what was done, put the helm the other way, which she answered, bringing the wind directly aft, and throwing the sail with terrific violence forward, carrying with it my friend R. and the colored man. Robert fell overboard to windward, but drifted under the vessel; and all that we saw of him after he touched the water was, away to leeward, both hands raised above the water, and then all was still. The other fell with his head upon an iron belaying pin, to which the fluke of the anchor was

made fast, and was picked up a corpse, nearly every bone in his body broken, his blood and brains being washed fore and aft upon the deck. We laid him upon the main hatch, sewed him up in canvas, placed some weights to his feet, and while the captain read the burial service, we consigned our shipmate to the angry billows, there to await the summons, "*Come to judgment!*" Come away, shipmate; are you not tired of the voyage? Have you not lived long enough in sin? Have you not sailed too long already on board the pirate's ship? Have you not been drifting about long enough at the mercy of the waves, without chart or compass; and are you not willing now, while you read this, to leave this piratical craft upon which you are sailing, destined as she is to the port of Destruction! Come, shipmate—'bout ship, and sail on the other tack, and come with us. The ship Zion is a good ship; we have a good captain and a good crew, and good provisions for the voyage; and by-and-by, in triumph, we shall make the harbor, "where all the ship's company meet who have sailed with their Saviour below."

Christian sailor, I trust you are not tired of your voyage, but intend to prove faithful until death, that you may receive a crown of life. You have many storms and head winds to contend with, but keep a steady eye on the compass, obey your captain, and then, in your darkest hour, you may sing,

"By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile on the storm."

And then, having weathered the gale you shall drop your anchor and furl your sails in the port of everlasting peace, and with your shipmates and your captain, dwell for evermore.

O. W.

Angry words engender strife, but soft words are as oil to the troubled waters.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

What can I do for the Benefit of my Crew ?

I have just agreed to take command of the ship—for another voyage. It will be one of great care and responsibility; of responsibility to my men as well as others. Hence the inquiry. What can I do for their benefit; and, at the same time, promote the highest interest of all concerned? As a preliminary, I am resolved, if possible, to ship a temperate crew; also to give each man who will ship without his advance wages \$1.00 or \$2.00 per month extra. This will be for our mutual advantage; for while I shall have a pledge for his good conduct, he will have a stronger motive to demean himself as a faithful man.

I can do this for my crew:—

1. *Obtain for them a suitable library, and encourage them to avail themselves of its advantages.*

There is no reason why a library on shipboard may not be as useful as in a school district. The mind needs food no less than the body needs beef and bread.

2. *I can set them a good example.*

By having the cabin as free from alcohol as the fore-castle. By neither using, nor suffering to be used on board, any language unsuited to the best society. By allowing no man to be called out of his right name. By controlling my own temper, and rebuking its rising in others. By appreciating and approving meritorious conduct, and promoting at once both the interest and happiness of all on board.

3. *I can give them much valuable instruction.*

The example of Nathaniel Bowditch in teaching his men navigation is worthy of all praise and imitation; nor should instruction be confined to this department. The seaman is often called to administer medicine to the sick, to reduce a fractured bone, to heal a diseased mind, or repair a broken heart. He is supposed to be acquainted with all shores, and all soundings; with the laws and habits of all nations; with the prices current of every market. No man is more taxed for various knowledge

in its endless applications. Why not, then, impart to them such information as shall be useful to them in the various circumstances of life: so as to make them better men, better for their employers and better for themselves?

So far as I may be able I shall pursue this course.

4. *I can pray for my men.*

If it is the duty and the privilege of the head of a family to pray for his children, why should not a shipmaster do the same for those to whom he sustains a similar relation? If the father of his country, on his knees in a grove, invoked the protection and blessing of the Almighty on his people, why should not the father of his crew bow the knee in his cabin in their behalf? I will pray for my men, assured that if I call down no blessing upon them, I shall on my own soul.

NAVIGATOR.

The Cabin and Forecastle.

Many Christians would like to do good if they had the opportunity or the means, or the talents, or could do it on a large and liberal scale. They do not seem to think it of much importance to do good in a small way, unobserved and unnoticed by the world at large. They would like to endow institutions for the blind and deaf, and provide amply for the wants of the poor and destitute, and the orphan, so as to call forth the commendation of all the community around. They do not seem to remember that God, with the resources of the universe at command, condescends to do good, and scatter blessings, even in the form of a raindrop, and the gentle dew which distills and exerts its fertilizing and refreshing influence on the grass and flowers. In like manner might the Christian who seeks to do good in an humble way exert a healthful and salutary influence on his fellow men around him by a goodly example, and by a multitude of ways which are ready furnished to him by the providence of God. No past generation have been so amply provided with means and opportunities of doing good as the present: and the captain of our salvation will not hold the follower

guiltless who excuses himself from labor, or buries his talents for doing good in a napkin, in the midst of such instrumentalities. Of these means, a tract which costs a penny may instrumentally save a soul. How many pennies are expended on the veriest trifles, without the thought that one of them might, if invested in a tract, be the means, in the hands of God, of saving a soul from hell, and hiding a multitude of sins.

The following anecdote illustrates the power of such means, and the rich developments they sometimes exhibit:

A lady, feeling a deep interest in seamen, put into the hands of the captain, a few days before leaving port, a packet of tracts and magazines for the crew. "I took them," said the captain, "and according to her wish distributed them among the hands, until the whole had gone the rounds among them. In a very few days after leaving sight of the highlands of Scotland for New York, the second mate, a well-bred and intelligent young Scotchman, came to me and said, 'Sir, I hardly know what's the matter with our men: but your tracts have produced a feeling that I have never seen before. If you have any doubt on the subject, just go and look into the fore-castle, and see for yourself.' I stepped down, and sure enough every man was reading with an eagerness as though his very life and soul depended on it.

"On returning to the cabin, the mate continued, 'Sir, they wish the Bible read to them, and to-morrow (meaning the Sabbath), they wish to obtain your permission to hold a religious service among themselves in the fore-castle.' 'I can have no objection to that, I'm sure,' said I. 'But who will lead them, mate, seeing none of us make a profession that way?' 'I shall make my best endeavor,' was the reply: 'and I suppose the others will do the same.' 'Very well,' said I, 'there is a prospect now of fine weather: make all snug: I will take the helm, and let all who wish attend the service.' The arrangements were made: the Sabbath came: and a meeting among themselves was held, morn-

ing and afternoon. A privilege for a prayer meeting was again asked for in the evening. I objected. 'But,' said the mate, 'you have made no objection all day, why object now?' 'My wish is,' I replied, 'that you do not hold your meeting in the fore-castle, but in the cabin, where I may have a spice of a privilege with you myself, since I have accommodated you all day by standing at the helm.'

"Accordingly, in the evening, every man came down in the cabin. I took the Bible, and read a chapter, and then called on the mate to pray. In a moment all were upon their knees. The mate proceeded a little way, but soon choked with tears, and could proceed no further. The cook then attempted to pray, but failed in the same manner. I then said to one of the apprentice boys, 'Billy, can you pray for us?' The little fellow began, and made an excellent, sweet little prayer, and seemed to get along the best of any of us. The fact is," continued the captain, "we were all overwhelmed with a sense of our sins; and as there was not one of us that had made any profession of a religious experience, we made rather lame work of it at first; but I do hope that God in his mercy has heard our poor petitions, and converted every man on board;"

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Sailor Boy's "Not at all, sir;" or "God will save us yet."

HENDERSON, Ky., June 12, 1851.

SAMUEL HOLMES, ESQ.

My dear Sir—Yours of the 24th ult. was duly received, and as cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. I will not pretend to describe my feelings upon the perusal of your kind, welcome, refreshing, and encouraging letter. I might fill this sheet in telling you how happy I felt, and the unspeakable pleasure it afforded me of being considered the missionary of the Bethel Church, S.S., No. 36. Having long felt a deep interest in that magnanimous and noble class of men, and also

in the "sailor's children," often in the land of Knox have I directed their steps to the "Bethel flag," the signal for worship, where I doubt not many of them found the Star of Bethlehem, and have long since been able to sing as follows:—

"New, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem"

Will you allow me to give you a fact of a little Sunday School sailor boy who had often attended our Bethel Flag Sunday School Prayer Meeting. The vessel crossed the Atlantic, and was overtaken with a terrific hurricane in the middle of the ocean. After the most astonishing efforts to weather the storm, the awful intelligence was received from the captain, "Prepare for a watery grave, the vessel is on her beam ends, and will never right—death is certain." "Not at all, sir; not at all, sir," exclaimed the little sailor boy. "God will save us yet." "Why do you think so?" said the captain, with strong feeling and astonishment. "Because, sir," said the Sunday School scholar, "at this moment they are praying under 'The Bethel Flag,' in the city of Glasgow, for all sailors in distress, and *God will hear their prayers for us too, now see if he don't.*" The captain, an old weather beaten tar, exclaimed, with the tears running down his cheeks, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher." That moment the noble ship was struck with a mountain-like wave, and immediately righted, when a simultaneous shout of gratitude and praise went up to the sailors' God, louder than the storm, and which doubtless entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, for in a few days we entered New York harbor, with the joyful sound still ringing in our ears, "Not at all, sir; not at all, sir." All's well!

In the city of Rome, which contains 170,384 inhabitants, there are 84 bishops, 1,240 secular priests, 1,892 regular priests, and 1,467 monks.

From Seamen's Chaplain at Yarmouth, England.

"The friends of sailors will be glad to learn that a great work is going on in the Trinity service along this coast.

"There are now nine floating-light-vessels connected with Yarmouth, each having a crew of eleven hands, of which there are four on shore and seven on board, relieving every month, so that the men have two months on board and one on shore, while the captain and mates relieve each other every month. These ninety-nine men, with a ship-keeper, store-keeper, &c., are most of them husbands and fathers; and I am happy to say that some of every vessel regularly attend the means of grace when on shore, and that every crew can boast of from one to five who, with their wives, are members of some Christian church, and are adorning their profession. Many of them attend the Mariners' Chapel with their families very regularly. They are supposed, when on board, to read the church prayers every Sunday; but, in addition to this, some of the crews have regular prayer meetings both on Sunday and during the week; and on board of the *Dudgeon* one man preaches to the others every Sunday evening, for two months out of every three. The work of grace is so much progressing that now six men of the eleven can exercise in prayer. I find a helper in the man alluded to when on shore, as he then occasionally gives an address for me. (He is the only sailor in this port who publicly holds forth the word of life.) The mate of the *Sheepwash*, light-vessel, relieving at Harwich, left this town to join that vessel, and being a devout man, established regular services on board when himself present, and God has so blessed his labour of love that he now writes to tell me, that during the last month he was on shore, they carried on their meetings without him. I furnish these men with tracts and visit

their families also, and find many of their wives both intelligent and pious; one of them has just informed me that she enjoys peace with God, and has joined a Christian church, but that she was first awakened through my labors, more than a year ago."

Bible and Tract Distribution among Seamen.

CHAPLAIN'S DIARY AT THE PORT OF LONDON.

"Visiting the shipping in the London Docks, I met the captain of a Prussian vessel, and whilst delivering to him a German tract, he looked very earnestly at me, and said, 'Will you come into my cabin?' I immediately consented, and followed him below. No sooner had I seated myself than he said, 'Sir, do you know me?' I replied, 'No, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'I know you well, although near 20 years have passed since I saw you.' He then rung the cabin bell, and the steersman or mate, a very fine young Prussian, came down, to whom he addressed himself in his native language, directing him to take a German Bible out of his chest, which he gave to the captain, and which was immediately handed to me, when the captain said, 'Look at that, and then say if you do not know me.'

"On the front page was written, 'Given to Capt. John C. Breisach, Oct. 1828, by B. Prynn.'

"'Now, sir,' said the captain, 'do you not know me?'

"This led to further conversation, through which I learned that this Bible had been made a blessing to his wife, who had died in the Christian faith, and that his eldest daughter had also become religious by reading it. 'I have, since you gave me this Bible, bought German Bibles for my children; this I keep for myself and my son, who is my steersman, and who often looks in it, and on Sunday will read with me to my people when at sea.' We spent a pleasant hour in converse, and I was happy thus to learn that

this Bible, given on a foreign shore, had been blessed by God. It called to my recollection that I had distributed 25 German Bibles and 3 Testaments whilst at Husum, in Holstein, and 2,000 German tracts, some of the fruits whereof are thus to be found after many days to the glory of God."

"One day, when visiting lodging-houses," writes a missionary, "I met in one of them thirteen sailors, who had arrived in one ship from Bombay. Whilst distributing tracts and conversing with them, I found two of them had received tracts and magazines previous to their going out, and that those tracts had been circulated and read. This had led to the reading of the Bible, and 'there,' to use the language of one of them, 'I was led to discover my state as a sinner, and, laboring under deep distress of mind, was led to seek for pardon in Christ Jesus. Oh, sir, I cannot tell you the happiness I now feel. I trust I can say I love my Saviour, because he has loved me so as to die for me. We have held several prayer meetings on board since we left Bombay, and eight or nine of the crew attended with us.'"

The Yarmouth missionary also mentions a case in point. He says:—

"On visiting a sailor who was sick, I found an old shipmate by his side attempting to direct him to Christ, and as they both had attended the Mariner's Chapel of late, I wished to know something of their past history and present experience. The visitor in reply said, 'I will tell you what first brought me to my knees. Some time ago, I was mate of the same ship this man sailed in, and while lying at Newcastle, a man came on board, and offered us each a tract. Some refused to take them, but I took one and stuffed it in my pocket, thinking it would do to light my pipe with, for that was the best thought I had at the time. One day I took it out of my pocket for that purpose, but casting my eyes

on the "Widow and her Son," I thought I would read it first; but, as I proceeded, it soon brought tears into my eyes, for I had never seen things in such a light before. I prayed for the first time that night, and, indeed, I wept and prayed all the night fit to break my heart, for I could not rest at all. I asked the captain to read it, for I thought it might do him good as well as myself, but in this I was disappointed. However, I have never given up praying since that time. I have since been afflicted for some months, but God is as good as his word. My old shipmate here came to see me when I was ill, and now it is my turn to visit him.' While telling this simple but gladdening tale, he wept profusely, and said, 'What a little thing it was to turn a man's heart after all, but God applied it.'"

The Missing Vessels.

We often read over the names under the head "missing vessels" with little thought or interest, or neglect even to read them at all; but here is a fact to show that the list, like the Prophet's fall, fills many a widowed and orphan heart with mourning and lamentation and woe.

We have met a serious loss of life. April 10, the fishing schooner *Harvest Home*, of Newcastle, N.H., sailed on a fishing cruise, Richard Seaward, master; the crew were ten in number. As she has never been heard from since, it is believed that she was lost in the destructive April storm which commenced the day after she sailed. The crew nearly all were my townsmen, belonging this side the Piscataqua River Battery. About thirty fatherless children are left with their widowed mothers to realize their loss.

M. F.

The Buffalo Express gives a list of the shipping laid up at that port, as follows: Steamboats, 19; propellers, 18; brigs, 18; schooners, 56; total, 115.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The Ocean, its Grandeur and Sublimity.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON.

The most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe, belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains, but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which have called it up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan; his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and

the rainbow tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek amid their silent magnificence his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of the civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength.

Over the majesty of its form and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now. The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe; or distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gathers themselves again in streams and torrents, to return with exulting bound, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn

skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man has also made the ocean the theatre of *his* power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sank from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness, which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world.

In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set for ever in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile nations held their breath,

As each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-like shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane's eclipse
Of the sun.

But of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with

feelings, associations, and habits to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountains of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge.

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to the land. He will still move in his dreams over that waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataracts.

D sasters.

Brig *Fortunio*, of Portland, Me., from Sydnev, N. S., W., for San Francisco, while making for Honolulu, and near the reef, going in stays, about 3 A. M., May 19th, was struck by a squall, which took all the sails aback. An attempt was made to wear the brig, but her quarter struck heavily on the reef at Waikiki, Oahu, and bilged. Vessel a total loss.

The San Francisco papers speak of the discovery of the wreck of schr. *A. R. Harris*, formerly of New London, about 20 miles N. of the Heads. She left San Francisco for Lahaina 3d of Feb. last.

In the month of April, the brig *Englishman*, Harris, of Bristol, Eng., was capsized and lost in a tornado off the Island of Fernando Po. There was supposed to be on board about 30 persons, only one of whom, a native of Africa, was saved. The Rev. G. W. Simpson and wife, Missionaries from this city, were on board.

Br. barque *Esther Ann*, from Trieste, for Pernambuco, was lost on the N. side of Bonavista, June 27th.

Brig *Partridge*, of and for Boston from Philadelphia, reported ashore near the Third Cliff, Scituate, will prove a total loss.

Spanish brig wrecked at the Haulover, seventeen lives lost; loaded with fish, &c.; bound from St. Jago to Havana.

Schr. *Excelsior*, from the wreck of Span. schr. *Conde de Luchana*, ashore at Barnegat, with a cargo of hides and tobacco, reports that she had gone to pieces.

Schr. *P. B. Savory*, from Washington, N. C., for Baltimore, went ashore, no date, 35 miles from Hateras, and was lost, crew saved.

Barque *Merrimac*, at this port, from Baltimore, sprung a leak and sunk, off the capes of Virginia; no date given.

Brig *Franklin*, Larrabee, of Boston, from Mobile, for Havana, has been abandoned at sea.

The whale ship *Kingston* went ashore on the Island of Quibo, and is said to be a total loss.

Pernambuco dates to 21st ult., state that Br. schr. *Rival*, where from or bound not stated, went ashore near the mouth of the harbor, and went to pieces.

Brig *Lincoln*, of Wiscasset, hence for Savannah, was capsized in a heavy squall from N. W., night July 27th, when ten days out. On the 30th, was fallen in with by ship *Flora* M'Donald, from Baltimore for Rotterdam, which took off the captain, mate, and one seaman; the remainder of the crew were drowned on the night of the disaster.

Schr. *Enterprise*, Boyd, from San Juan, C. A., was lost, (no date given,) on a reef near Old Providence, Bahamas.

Br. schr. *Martha*, Greenough, at Boston, from St. Johns, N. F., reports: On the 27th ult., 60 miles east of Cape Pines, picked up a boat containing Capt. Roalsons, and six seamen, lately belonging to the Br. ship *Hindustan*, from Whitby, Eng., for Quebec, which had foundered at sea, carrying down nine of the crew. The seven picked up by the M. were landed at Shelburne, N. S.

American schr. called the *Rosine*, was lost, on Sapodilla Kay Reef, on her way from Ruatan to Mobile.

Schr. *S. E. Parker*, Davis, from Norfolk, for Cherrystone, was capsized afternoon 22d inst., in a sudden squall off Back River. The crew got on the bottom of the vessel, and remained till 1 o'clock next morning, when they were taken off by a Baltimore Pilot boat.

Br. barque *Queen Victoria*, (late Perry, who died on the passage) from Liverpool for Para, was wrecked at Salinas, Para River, previous to the 14th July.

The English brig *Mary*, from Halifax, to Barbadoes, struck on a rock on the coast of Barbadoes, night 17th July, the captain and two of the crew sinking with the vessel. The remainder of the crew took to the boat, but being without sails or food, two died at the end of seven

days. The survivor, a boy of 17, was picked up at the expiration of 13 days, and taken to Bonaire.

Steam ship *Union*, Marks, from San Francisco for Panama, went ashore 5th July, in a fog, on Dalgado Point, lower end of St. Quintan's Bay, and became a total wreck.

Schr. *Judge Baker* was seen 14th inst. in seven fathoms, off Barnegat, capsized; all her sails were loose, and a surf boat was alongside taking off her main boom; had been capsized a few hours before; crew believed to have been taken off.

Brig *Ocean Queen*, of and from Philadelphia, bound to Xibara, Cuba, was lost on the S. E. end of Long Island, Bahamas, 26th July.

Br. brig *Enterprise*, Turner, of and for Shelburne, N. S., from this port, was wrecked on Gull Rock, near Ragged Isles, 28th July, in a thick fog.

Barque *Mary Lowell*, from Portland, bound to Havana, was lost on the reef of Cruz de Padra, near Cardenas, night 29th July.

Capt. Brannan, of schr. *Gréy Eagle*, reports a severe hurricane at Port-au-Platt, on the 19th of August. The English Brazil Packet was driven on shore a total loss; one man drowned. Schr. *Sea* was driven on shore a total loss.

Valparaiso dates of July 10th, state that the American schr. *Betty Bliss*, lately arrived from San Francisco, completely beaten to pieces; the mate perished.

Brig *Richard Ingersoll*, from Boston, was lost on Cape Breton Reef, about 40 miles south of Trinidad, night of 26th Aug.

Schr. *Susan Cannon*, at this port from Kingston, Jam., Aug. 31st, fell in with the wreck of the brig *J. Holt*, Hogdon, of Blue Hill, hence for Charleston, and took from her the Captain and crew.

Br. schr. *Dove*, M'Donald, from Prince Edward Island, for Boston, in a sinking condition, having sprung a leak, was fallen in with 24th Aug. by schr. *Clydesdale*, at Portsmouth 10th Aug., which took off the crew, but the vessel sunk immediately.

Br. barque *J. Sarkie* was ashore six miles south of Point Lobos, San Francisco, on a sand beach, 22d August. She was upright, head on shore, and the sea was breaking over her stern. She was expected to be a total loss.

Ship *Tagus*, hence 3d Feb. for San Francisco, went ashore on the 2d of August, in Potato Cove, near San Francisco harbor. The steam-ship *California*, Budd, left on the 3d, and proceeded to the ship, but finding it impossible to render her any assistance, she returned at 8 o'clock. The vessel will prove a total loss.

Schr. *Abigal*, of and from Baltimore, bound to St. Lucia, was stranded near the latter place.

The Br. barque *Lancashire Witch*, from Liverpool, bound to Porto Rico, was lost on a reef on the North side of Barbadoes, in the gale of the 17th Aug. She immediately went to pieces, captain and five of the crew perished.

Brig *Wave*, Joline, from Philadelphia for Kingston, Jam., was wrecked 25th August, on Mariguana Reef. Capt. J. arrived at Inagua in his boat for assistance. The vessel a total loss.

At Arecibo, the brig *Frederick*, with a cargo of tobacco, for Bremen; *Mary*, with a cargo of molasses, for Newfoundland; and the *Scotia*, for Halifax, were totally lost.

The steam-ship *Galveston* went ashore at Ship Island, coast of Louisiana, on Monday last. Ship and cargo are a total loss.

Fishing schrs. *Dolphin*, Piper, of Camden; *Ursula*, Doane, of Cohasset, and *Burlington*, Wilson, of Portsmouth, were wrecked in a severe gale on coast of Labrador, Aug. 27th.

Brig *Shakspeare*, of Bangor, from Boston, (about 1st ult.) for Philadelphia, in ballast, was capsized in a heavy squall night of 12th ult., off Barnegat. The crew were taken off next day by schr. Jos. E. Potts, saving nothing but what they had on.

Br. barque *Margaret Dewar*, Toye, from Glasgow for this port, was wrecked on Sable Island 26th Aug. Crew saved; materials and part of cargo also saved.

Schr. *Pauline*, at this port from Ocracoke, N. C., reports: 26th Aug. fell in with the schr. *Josephine*, from Washington, N. C., for Philadelphia, which sailed in company, water-logged and abandoned.

Barque *Carlota*, of and from this port, in a hurricane at Anaxabo, P. R., 18th Aug. dragged her anchors and went ashore on the neighboring beach at Hamuco. It was expected she would be a total wreck.

Barque *Mary Ellen*, from Trinidad, for this port, foundered in the Gulf 21st August, 4 r. m. lat. &c., not given. The captain and crew arrived at Key West 23d Aug.

Schr. *Thomas Jefferson*, St. John, from Norfolk, with coal, struck a rock in Hurl Gate, 27th Aug., and sunk in fifteen minutes.

The Br. brig *Science*, of Liverpool, from Rio Hache bound for Hamburg, was totally lost 11th ult., at Castle Island.

Span. brig *Fernando*, bound from some port in Spain or Havana, was wrecked on Cape San Blas, 23d Aug., during a severe gale; several lives were lost.

The late hurricane at St. Martins, W.I., commenced night 17th Aug. and continued with great violence till 4 p. m. on the 18th. The bark *Imogene*, M'Munn, of Charleston, loading for this port was totally wrecked.

Schr. *Catharine H. Brown*, hence for a southern port, was capsized off Long Beach, 21st inst in a heavy squall. Crew saved.

Br. brig *John Hawks*, Richards, of Swansea, from Prince Edward's Island, for Bristol, Eng, water-logged, having sprung a leak in the gale from the S. W. 1st inst. was fallen in with 7th Aug. by brig *Victoria*, at this port, which took off the crew.

Key West August 23.

The captain and crew of the barque *Mary Ellen*, Wade, of New York, from Trinidad, have arrived. She foundered in the Gulf about 40 miles from this place, the captain and crew saving nothing but what they stood in.

Fishing schr. *Brilliant*, of and from Sag Harbor, was totally wrecked in a gale 24th Aug. having struck near Point Reach, Straits of Belle Isle, and sunk.

Brig *Sebago*, of Portland, foundered in the gale Aug. 22d, on Tortugas Bank.

Nassau, N. P. August 12.

Brig *Irving*, Wood, of Thomaston, Me. was lost in beating out of the harbor of Ragged Island 3d inst. having mistimed while in charge of a pilot. Vessel and cargo will be a total loss.

Br. schr. *Sophia*, Rongetel, from Boston for Newfoundland, was lost off Tamalin, in a gale 27th Aug. Vessel and cargo total loss.

Br. schr. *Harp*, of Parsboro, from Portland, for Walton, N.S. went ashore on Ragged Island, 22d Aug. in a thick fog, and was totally wrecked.

Wilmington, N. C. Aug. 27.

English brig *Eversdale*, in trying to make this port, was stranded near Main Bar, and will probably be a total loss.

The Fr. barque *Roulean Justin*, Rouquette, from Martinique bound to Marseilles, was run ashore at Barbadoes to save the lives of the crew.

Bark *Condor*, from Boston for Havana, went ashore 23d Sept. on Point Bemini, Bahamas; vessel a total loss, captain and crew saved, and taken to Nassau; also reported the bark *Conquest*, from Boston for New Orleans, went ashore about the same time on East Bemini, vessel a total loss, captain, crew, and passengers saved, and taken to Nassau, N. P.

Brig *G. L. Walton*, Campbell, from Navy Bay, about 10th Aug. bound to Belize, Honduras, left with all hands sick with fever, lost one man on the passage, and made the land about 20 miles to the North of Belize, with no one to manage the vessel, other than to steer her before the wind, till she struck on Canker Key. The captain and lady, and three seamen were taken to town by a Spanish boat; another seaman died next day; the remainder recovered. The brig became a total loss.

The Br. brig *Clarence*, of Nova Scotia, from St. Vincents, for Turk's Island, in ballast, went ashore 12th Sept. on the North Point of Grand Turk; vessel a total loss.

Schr. *Abigail*, of and from Baltimore from Antigua, went ashore on the Island of Bermuda 1st Sept.; vessel a total loss.

Ship *Hargrave*, of and for this port, from Newport, England, with railroad iron, was totally lost 13th Sept. on Sable Island.

Brig *Richard Ingersol*, with a cargo of ice, is stated to have been totally lost 27th August on Key Breton.

Fernando Septimo, was wrecked 19th Sept. at Cape San Blas, Florida, and seven men, and a woman and a child were lost.

Steamer *North America*, hence at Panama, reports: Aug. 7, at Cape Holland, Straits of Magellan, was boarded by a boat from the Fr. bark *Garonne acombe*, of Bordeaux, wrecked on that point July 26th.

Ship *Hargrave*, of and for this port from Newport, W. was totally lost 13th on Sable Island.

Ship *Hibernia*, Clark, of New Bedford, at this port from London, on the 3d ult. experienced a heavy gale from S. E. which shifted to N. W.; carried away fore and mizen topgallant masts, main topgallant, royal yards, sails, &c.

Brig *Zephyr*, hence for Jacksonville, E. F., went ashore on the 25th Sept. on Rogue Beach, 39 miles west of Cape Lookout; vessel a total loss.

Norfolk, September 1.

Brig *Antelope*, from New York for Marseilles, is ashore on Cape Henry. The vessel is broken in two, and the deck load is lost. The above is no doubt the Sard. brig *Antelope*, Pettaluga, hence (cleared 21st ult.)

Schr. *John & Lucy*, reported ashore on Sand shoal, with a cargo of rice, is a total loss.

Br. schr. *Industry*, M'Lellan, at Boston, 15th Sept. from Parsboro', N. S. reports having been in contact, off Monhegan, with schr. *Argo*, and taken off her crew.

Brig *Sea Beau*, Havener, from New Orleans for Philadelphia, went ashore on Joe Flogger, 17th Sept. and could not be hauled off by a steamer. She was reported full of water, and would be a total loss.

Br. schr. *John*, Searle, hence about 29th Aug. for Hull, sprung a leak a short time out, and was fallen in with in a sinking condition, 7th Sept. and the crew taken off by bark *General Taylor* at Portland. *Lafayette*, of and from this port, at Chagres, took fire and burned to the water's edge and sunk in 14 or 15 fathoms water, on the 11th Sept. on the day on which she arrived out.

Beaufort, N. C. was visited with a gale of wind, commencing night 24th ult. blowing violently until next evening, during which a lighter from Newbern with naval stores for the schr. *J. W. Taylor*, at Ocracoke, was sunk. The schr. *Zilphia Ann* went ashore about eight miles from Ocracoke Light, on Monday evening; vessel a total loss.

Brig *Mazeppa*, of and from this port, bound to Jacksonville, Flor. was stranded at Rouge Inlet, near Swansboro', N. C. in the late gale, and went to pieces.

At St. Croix, two English brigs were sunk. A Danish vessel, and two packets trading between St. Thomas and St. Croix were entirely lost.

Bark *Emily Miner*, Smith, at this port from Mobile. Capt. Smith reports bark *Mary Ellen*, Wade, sunk within 15 miles of Sand Keys; the captain and crews saved in the boats, and put into Key West.

The sloop *Fame*, Ball, foundered night 13th Sept. six miles E. N. E. of Block-Island. Crew Saved.

Schr. *Pamplico*, of and from Washington, N. C. for Boston, sprung a leak and sunk at Ocracoke Bar 16th ult., and will be a total loss. The vessel is insured in Nashville. It was supposed that part of the cargo might be saved.

Schr. *Thomas Jefferson*, Phillips, of Astoria, L. I. from Wilmington, Del. for this port, in a sinking condition, was fallen in with 22d September off the Highlands, by brig *Cushnec*, at this port, which took from her the captain and crew, four in number. When they left her she had four feet water in the hold.

Providence, September 1.

Effects of the Gale night 25th August.

—Schr. *Harriet*, of Stonington, was capsized and went ashore on the Island, and soon after she struck her masts came out, and she went to pieces and is a total loss.

Schr. *Arrowsic*, of Bath, 5 days from Virginia, for Bath, knocked down a few hours previous, with mainmast carried away and five feet water in the hold, was boarded 13th Sept. and the crew taken off by ship *Indiana*, Bennett, at this port.

Ship *Columbia*, from New York for Charleston, on Thursday encountered a very severe gale, during which the chief mate was knocked overboard and drowned.

Missing Vessels.

Schr. *Harvest Home*, formerly of Newburyport, sailed from Kittery, Me. April 15th, since which time nothing has been heard from her.

Schr. *Forest*, Wiley, of Boothbay, which left Boothbay the latter part of May, on a fishing voyage to the eastward, has not since been heard from, and is supposed to have foundered in a gale which occurred about two days after her departure.

N Mariners.

Hoy Sound Light-houses.—The Commissioners of the Northern Light-houses hereby give notice that two lighthouses have been built upon the Island of Grem-say, lying in Hoy Sound, opposite Stromness, in Orkney, the lights of which were exhibited on the night of Thursday, the 15th May.

The following is a specification of the position of the light-houses, and of the appearance of the lights, by Mr. Alan Stevenson, Engineer to the Commissioners:—The High Light-house is N. lat. 58 degrees, 56 minutes, and 9 seconds, and W. lon. 3 deg. 16 min. 33 sec. By compass, the light-houses bear from each other S. E. 1-4 E.; and N. W. 1-4 W. The High Light, towards the western entrance of Hoy Sound is a fixed red light, and the Low Light is a fixed bright light. When seen in one line, they lead through the western entrance to Hoy Sound, in the fairway, between the Bow Rock, off the Hoy shore, and Kirk Rock off the Stromness shore. After running in on this line to half a mile off the Low Light, where the depth is about eight fathoms, the High Red Light is suddenly eclipsed by the land; it is then time to haul towards the Stromness shore, when the Red Light will immediately re-appear.

Trinity House, London, Sept 21.

Milford Haven.—Notice is hereby given that, by direction of this corporation, a black buoy, marked "Mid Channel Rock," has been placed near to a rocky patch at the entrance of Milford Haven. The buoy lies in six fathoms at low water spring tides, about a cable's length W. by N. from a shoal spot, having only three fathoms on it, and with the following marks and compass bearings, viz. :—The flag staff at St. Ann's just open west of the low lighthouse, N. by W. 1-4 W. The Fort on the Stack Rock, just touching the south part of Thorn Island, E. 3-4 N. Mr. Davis's house, its apparent length on Dale Point, N. E. 3-4 N.

By order, J. HERBERT, Sec'y.

Treasury Department, Sept. 27, 1851.

Mariners and others interested are informed that the Floating Light, which for some time past has been stationed at Carysfort Reef, on the coast of Florida, will, on the first of November next, be removed to Brenton's Reef, Rhode Island, and will exhibit two white light.

Beacon's in the Bay of Fundy.—The St. John Courier states that Mr. John Murray, branch pilot, has placed beacons upon several headlands on the New Brunswick side.

On Halfway Point, about eight miles from Partridge Island, between Negro Head and Musquash Head, a white horizontal stripe, about five feet broad, and which shows about forty feet long.

Split Rock, off Musquash Head, is distinguished by seven white balls, six of which are distinctly visible at a distance of ten or twelve miles in clear weather.

On Musquash Inner Head, to the westward of Split Rock, a white vertical stripe, which is visible from the westward, with two of the balls on Split Rock; but on coming up the bay, when the stripe is lost sight of the whole of the balls on Split Rock are seen.

Gooseberry Island has the letters G. I. marked on it, and the top of the pinnacle painted white. The white mark can be seen at some distance from the S. W. but the letters are only visible when the island bears N.

Yule Rock Buoy, in the Sound of Mull.—The Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses hereby give notice that a buoy has been moored about 40 fathoms to the N. of the Yule Rocks, in the Sound of Mull. The following is a specification of its position and appearance, by Mr. Alan Stevenson, Engineer of the Board:

Name of Station—Yule Rocks, between Ardtornish Castle and the Grey Isles.

Description of mark—seven feet buoy black.

Depth of low water at spring tides—Eight fathoms.

Bearing of the marks and of lines of intersection meeting at the buoy:

Knock House, in Loch Alin, in line with Low Point, under Ardtornish Castle, bearing N. by W. 1-8 N.

Inninnore Cottage, in Morven, bearing E. by N. 3-8 E.

North shore of Grey Isles, in line with Deep Notch, in Lismore Land, bearing S. E.

Duart Castle, in Mull, bearing S. S. E. 1-4 S.

Scallasdale House, in Mull, bearing S. S. W. 3-4 W. By order of the board,
ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

Office of the Board of Northern Lighthouses, Edinburgh, 18th July, 1851.

Lighthouse on Rottneet Island.—A revolving Catoptric light will be exhibited from the lighthouse near the centre of Rottneet Island on and after the night of 1st June, 1851, during the period between sunset and sunrise.

The lighthouse is a white stone tower, 53 feet in height, erected on the summit of the island, and is surrounded by a lantern 11 feet high.

The light will consist of two groups of three powerful lamps each; the whole revolving once in two minutes, and showing a flash of light of five seconds duration every minute, with intervals of 55 seconds of darkness. The centre of the light is 197 feet above high water level, and at the height of 18 feet may be seen in clear weather at a distance of 7 leagues.

Rottneet Lighthouse is in latitude 32 degrees 0 minutes 19 seconds South, longitude 115 degrees 31 minutes 18 seconds East from Greenwich, and stands three miles North 75 degrees East by compass from the West extremity of the Island, and two three-quarter miles West by compass from its East extremity.

New Light in Boston Bay.—Important to Mariners. We learn from the Journal that it has been determined to light up the old lighthouse at Scituate, which was abandoned after the construction of the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge. The new light will be a single red light of the first class, and cannot, therefore, be mistaken for either of the other lights in Boston Bay. The old light at Scituate was a double white light. We believe the relighting of this lighthouse will be a great convenience to the mariner, the more especially as it is extremely doubtful, indeed altogether improbable, that the little light ship at Minot's Ledge will be able to hold on to her moorings during the coming winter.

Beacons have been placed on Five Pound Island Point, the Harbor Rock, and Black Rock, in Gloucester harbor. That on Five Pound Island Point consists of a pyramidal rock weighing eight tons—a shaft of iron projects from the top, having a ball on the end. That on the Harbor Rock is simply a shaft of iron with a ball on the top. On the Black Rock is a similar shaft of iron and ball, but it is much higher, and is supported by four iron braces.

New York, November, 1851.

of a Seaman's Chaplain for San Francisco, in the Clipper Ship Comet.

This new ship was built by Wm. H. Webb, in New York. Her Custom-House measurement is 1,836 tons; length on her keel, 217 feet 8 inches; on deck, 229 feet; breadth of beam, 41 feet 4 inches; and depth of hold, 22 feet 2 inches. Her cabins—there being an aft Ladies' cabin—are splendidly finished and furnished; as also are her commodious state-rooms. The fore-castle, airy, light, and large, is a palace compared with many others. The whole ship is well ventilated, and with its library, its bathing-room, and other appendages, ranks well with any first rate hotel. The owners of this beautiful craft, are Messrs. Bull, Bucklin & Crane, of New York, and Carrington, of Providence. She is commanded by Capt. E. C. Gardner, late of the "Candace" and the "Celestial."

On the morning of the first of October, she lifted her anchor in the North River, and spread her capacious wings for the land of gold; the steamer Hercules escorting her some ten miles beyond Sandy Hook. Her officers and crew, all told, numbered sixty-two, and her passengers increased the number to seventy-seven souls on board. Thirty or forty persons, including three of the owners, accompanied her to sea and returned in the steamer. The day, for comfort, could not have been improved by a single additional ray of sunshine or breath of air. Like the ship, there was nothing to be added or subtracted, to complete its per-

fection. It might easily have been mistaken for one of the golden days of a western Indian Summer on a visit at the east. After a lunch in the cabin, it was proposed by the owners and the Captain that there should be a parting address, with religious services, and one of the Secretaries of the American Seaman's Friend Society was invited to officiate. The crew having been called aft with the passengers and visitors on the quarter-deck, he proceeded to congratulate all present on the happy auspices under which they were assembled; the owners, on the perfection of their ship, not to praise her, for, like other beauties, she spoke for herself. He then said he should not do justice to his own feelings, nor those of the Directors of the Society he represented, if he did not improve this occasion to express their grateful acknowledgements to the owners for taking their Chaplain to Seamen in the Port of San Francisco to his station free of charge. Nor was this the first generous act of the kind. He congratulated the master and officers in having apparently so good a crew; inferring, from appearances thus far, that every man had determined on doing his duty. He congratulated the crew on having so good a Master and officers, and assured them they would find, if they cheerfully and faithfully performed their duty, in their master and officers all they could desire. He reminded them of the last voyage of life, and the preparations necessary to make it, and here introduced to their acquaintance the Rev. ELI CORWIN, as their Chaplain, and the Chaplain

to Seamen in the port to which they were bound. He, on the Sabbath and on other occasions, would preach to them Christ; would point them to Heaven, and lead the way. The speaker expressed the ardent wish that they might have a pleasant and prosperous voyage. They would not be forgotten. There were those remaining behind—several parents were on board to give the parting hand and kiss to their sea-faring boys—who, in the best time and place would remember them.

He then requested the sailors to join the rest of the company in singing the beautiful Hymn—

"Blest be that voice now heard afar
O'er the dark rolling sea,
Which whispers to the hardy tar,
Sailor, there's hope for thee."

And *they did sing*; their voices finely harmonizing with those of the ladies, and when the last line was repeated, as is required in the good old tune, Ortonville, the tears started in many an eye. Said a mother, as we came away: "I dreaded the parting with my boy, till we came to these unexpected religious exercises, when all my anxious fears left me, for I *did feel* that there *is hope for him*." All were then commended to God in prayer.

essently the parting words were spoken, the lines cast off, and the beautiful ship left with all her sail spread to the breeze. The steamer shot ahead, then fell astern, to give the practised eyes of some seamen on board a full view of the splendid clipper. "She can't be beat," said one; "She's perfect," replied another; "She goes through the water like an eel." Along side once more, once more went up from the steamer three times three, and once more responded from the ship such cheers as must have been music to old Neptune himself. Even old Dash, a noble Newfoundland dog, put in his bow-wow chorus, with timely and ludicrous effect. Finally, having wished all on board "A Happy New Year!" in San Francisco, the steamer returned, all feeling that they had spent a most pleasant and

profitable day. The Rev. Mr. Corwin took with him a wife to counsel and cheer him in his arduous work in that important western field. They are cordially commended to the best remembrances of seamen and the friends of seamen there and here; and above all to the blessing of him whose work they have gone to perform.

P. S. Good! *No sign of intoxicating liquor seen, nor a profane word heard on board that ship.*

What the Sailor can do for himself.

It is related of the eagle that when her young are old enough to try their own pinions, she takes them one by one on her back for a sail through the air; that when at a giddy height she shakes it off, and if unable to sustain itself, she darts under and buoys it up, till, by repeated efforts, it can sail unaided. The training and protective instinct of this noble bird is alluded to in Exodus 19: 4, and Deut. 32: 11; and the sentiment conveyed is—so the Lord guides and protects his people in their efforts to help themselves. Certain powers of self-preservation and personal enjoyment, God has given all his creatures; and it is only in the exercise of these faculties that they have reason to expect his aid.

As no man is more preyed upon by the unprincipled and vile than the sailor, the question for present consideration is, *What can he do for himself?*

1. *He can be decidedly a temperate man.*

He can not only abstain from drinking intoxicating liquor, but avoid the place where it is kept; and not only shun the men who are so unprincipled as to sell it for gain, but persuade others to follow his example. In doing this—O! that every sailor would try it—he will have, among other things, a clearer head, a purer conscience, better health, and a larger purse.

2. *He can so far respect himself as to command the respect of others.*

By becoming temperate, he has taken the first step. Another step is to put a considerable portion of his earnings in the Savings' Bank. Thousands have already done it. The single Bank at 82 Wall st., New York, has now on deposit and on interest more than one million of dollars belonging to seamen; perfectly safe, and to be paid to them whenever they call for it. Another step is to ship yourself—don't forget it—**TO SHIP YOURSELF**, and never again consent to be shipped like a bale of cotton or a barrel of beef. Go on board, and if your services are wanted, go to work; prove yourself a man, true and faithful, and soon you may have your choice not only in vessels, but in your berth, whether fore or aft; and none will be more respected. If you swear, however, you will lay the crown of your respect in the dust, for men will look down upon the swearer much as they do upon the drunkard.

3. *He can do himself and his seafaring brethren, as well as his employers, and the city whence he sails, a great good by refusing any advance wages.*

Suppose he were to do it, and get others to join him, till a whole crew, a number of crews, all the crews, should receive their wages, not in advance, but like so many mechanics—when their work is done. One effect would be to break up nine-tenths of those "breathing holes of hell," where sailors are made drunk and are robbed. The advance pay spent in these dens mainly keeps them alive. What an advantage to the community to have them broken up, and their keepers put to some honorable and useful employment! What an insurance on their property would ship-owners and merchants have in feeling that whatever they have afloat is in the care of such men, who will do all that men can do for its preservation! And the Master, too, with the officers; what a generous pride will they feel in having men, who, in carrying out their principles of self-protection, are

not only benefitting themselves, but blessing their race.

4. *The sailor can do incalculable good to himself by at once beginning to carry the above suggestions into effect.*

If you can get none to join you, be singular, and single-handed, try it alone. But you cannot be alone, for some are even now fully, fully adopting this course, and getting their rich rewards. All the aid you need is such encouragement as the eagle gives her young, viz.: to have your own energies put forth. Try it, and see if you do not sail the ocean independent and free as that princely bird sweeps the sky.

Ordination of a Seamen's Chaplain for Panama.

On Sabbath evening Oct. 12, Mr. Joseph Rowell was ordained and set apart to the work of an Evangelist and Seamen's Chaplain for Panama, in the Centre Church, New Haven, Ct.

Rev. Dr. Goodrich presided, and invoked God's blessing; the Rev. Dr. Cleveland preached the sermon from Heb. xi., 32, 33, 34. Subject—*The power of Christian faith considered as the mainspring of religious enterprise.*

Rev. Dr. Bacon offered the ordaining prayer; the Rev. J. Spaulding, one of the secretaries of the American Seaman's Friend Society, gave the charge and the instructions of the board; the Rev. Mr. Love gave the right hand of fellowship; the Rev. Dr. Fitch offered the concluding prayer, and the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Rowell.

A large congregation manifested a deep interest in the exercises. Mr. Rowell will carry a joint commission from the American and Foreign Christian Union and the American Seamen's Friend Society, and will be attended with the prayers of many for his great success in that important field in New Grenada.

Caution.

We repeat a caution which we have had occasion to give to shipmasters and others on board ships, against the impostor who is in the habit of visiting vessels to solicit donations in the name of this Society, generally for a *Bethel*, which he states is building at *Williamsburg* or *Brooklyn*. The sum asked is *generally* \$2 00, for which the subscriber is *promised an engraving* of the *Bethel* when finished. In other cases, it is stated to be an assessment which all vessels coming to this port are expected to pay. He is a small man, rather over middle age, with grey hair, and florid complexion, without whiskers; of gentlemanly appearance and excellent address; has a quick, nervous manner of walking and speaking, generally carrying a cane or umbrella, and giving his name as Dr. Hart. He is shrewd and intelligent, and well calculated to deceive.

From the evidence before us, we have reason to believe that within the last three or four years, hundreds of vessels, mostly transient, or of foreign nations, have been thus visited and mulcted in various sums from one to ten dollars. One Bremen Captain has paid his \$5, for some three voyages.

All who have suffered, are requested to send their names, &c., to this office, No. 82 Wall street, up stairs.

Havre Chaplaincy.

HAVRE, Aug. 23d, 1851.

Since my return from England my health has been rapidly improving, and now I am as well as ever I was. During my absence, the pulpit was supplied by a good young man from London, and the people here kindly collected enough to defray the expense. It was an occasion for testing the affection of the people, and the result is beyond my expectations satisfactory, not one refuses to contribute to the object. Indeed the friendliness of all parties here, both English and French, Protestant and Catholic, is very marked. I have been this season invited to take part in the annual prize distribution of the College and all the public schools, and, seated with the mayor and priests, have borne my part in giving the prizes, and putting the crowns on the heads of the young aspirants. We have several young men in these schools from New York and Boston. They often attend our church. At one of the distributions, I met the father of a lad from New Orleans. This lad was present in our church when I preached on the duty of children to parents. He wrote off the sermon, and sent it to his mother at New Orleans. His mind was so wrought upon as to give birth to expressions which quite alarmed the family, who feared he was becoming too pious to live long. His father promised, however, that his boy should often call on us during the next term. Not long since, I had an interview with a captain who has for many years resided here, and who had fallen into the habit too common, of taking regularly his glass of *eau de vie*. Although he never allowed himself to go beyond the bounds of propriety, his habit had gradually undermined his constitution, and began to reveal its evil in disease. He applied to the physicians, but became worse. Meeting him one day, he told me his trouble. I at once persuaded him to give up his brandy, assuring him he would

soon be better. He made the trial, found my prediction true, and now he thanks me for my advice. I have another case which, as soon I can bring my mind to it, I must attend to. It is one that requires peculiar tact, and I fear to approach it, but my conscience will not let me rest much longer.

Met a captain on board the — with whom I have, in former years, conversed on the "*the soul's affairs*." He is fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and that it is his duty to devote himself to God; but is putting off the matter hoping that some time the hour will come in which he can freely attend to the all-important matter. Once he thought himself a Christian, but now he feels that his soul is in the "gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity."

Had an interview with a pious mate on board the packet —. He purchased a quantity of French tracts in New York, and distributes them to the Parisians who visit the ship while in port. He has given away several hundreds in this manner during the present month. He had one tract entitled *The Bible and the Sinner*. This the visitors universally refused—a fact which shows how fearful a thing the Bible is to sinners. They cannot bear its messages! If the *printed, silent* word of God is so fearful, what will be that word in the last day, uttered with the voice of thunder in every corner of creation? This pious mate is doing what pastors and colporteurs cannot do without being liable to prosecution. He can stand on American ground and give the word of life in tracts to the French people—thus we are permitted to see the results of religious influence among those who go down to the sea.

We have at present but few American ships in port. I visited yesterday and the day before seven vessels. The officers of the *Franklin* attend our church, and are very genteel and moral men. We have no seamen in the hospital at this time.

A very warm friend has just been removed from among us in the person of Sir Henry Heathcote, admiral. He was not able to attend church, but some of his family are generally present. He died at a good old age, and with prayer on his lips.

I ought to mention that our good friend, Mr. Sansom, acted as collector in getting funds for the supply of the pulpit during my absence, and that his devotion and earnestness in our cause demand our favorable notice. Nor would I forget the *widow's mite* which good old Mother Lee contributed. It was no less than \$12.00. She gets all her money by teaching. She has been for years a great friend of our cause; but is gradually ripening for the upper garner. We shall soon miss her form in the sanctuary below. She is now above 80 years of age, having been in her youth an admirer of the distinguished Rowland Hill, under whose ministry her early religious hopes and affections were called forth. She is the widow of a captain who died here about 12 years ago, in the joyful prospect of Heaven. She has been called to lay in the grave one wandering son; and now mourns another who is either lost in the ocean, or an erring one somewhere on the wide earth. It is a mystery that such good parents are sometimes rendered unhappy in their last days by such perverse children! If there is a being on earth who deserves our pity, and needs our prayers, it is the sailor's mother. Let those devoted ladies, therefore, who in various portions of our country, and especially in the northern and middle states, devote themselves with so much ardor to the seamen's cause, reflect that they may be acting for their own parents, and for themselves, in what they do for the sons of the sea. The money they send, the articles of clothing they make, may yet be devoted to their own brothers or sons or fathers. They may receive blessing, even in this world, from their own kindred,

whose sorrows have been assuaged, lives prolonged, and souls saved by their sacrifices ; but if not here, at all events in that world where reward is attended with no bitterness, bestowed most richly and most freely, and received with everlasting gratitude.

Yours affectionately,

E. E. ADAMS,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Seamen's Union Bethel Society,
Baltimore.

Extract from the 28th Annual Report by Rev. E. E. Allen, Missionary.

It becomes us as philanthropists and Christians, to put forth all our energies to promote their temporal and moral condition. Here we might, perhaps, say no class of men has had so little done for them in days gone by as seamen. Efforts upon efforts have been made to send the Gospel and missionaries to heathen lands, large collections have been made in all the Christian churches in behalf of this noble and God-like enterprise, all of which ought to be done, but the other ought not to be left undone ; and perhaps the very seamen who are to take the Gospel and the Missionaries to their far off fields of labor are forgotten. How few public collections are taken up in our churches in this city to aid in the cause of the Seamen's Bethel—how often are they forgotten or lost sight of in the prayers offered up on the Sabbath, in our public congregations. We might here notice that some suppose that sailors are so depraved that nothing can be done for them, they are beyond recovery, and the means employed, and the time and labor of the missionary are all thrown away. We hope those who think so are few in number, because there never was a more mistaken notion.

Your missionary has been in the work of the ministry more than twenty years, and in all the appointments he has received at the hand of the bishop, he knows none

of greater importance, or where he can be more useful, than the Seamen's Bethel. It is true the seaman's chaplain has not the opportunity of seeing the visible effects of his labors, as other ministers of the Gospel have, whose congregations are stationary, and under his notice every Sabbath, and much through the week. But because he does not always see the good, that is no argument that no good is done. We are "to cast our bread upon the waters," and the promise is, "thou shalt find it after many days." We have been trying to do so, and God in infinite mercy has permitted us for our encouragement to see some fruit of our labor ; he has not left us without some witnesses. Permit us here to state one or two cases. At our revival last winter many were converted to God (as stated in my last report), among whom was Capt. John D. Johnson, who was a great friend to the Bethel, and gave of his means to help in its support. In July last, he sailed for the port of San Francisco, in California—on his passage he sickened and died. On his death-bed he wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, in which he referred to that happy change he experienced in the Bethel. I should be pleased to transcribe all that part of his letter, but must only state a few remarks : he says, "My dear wife, I am now lying on my bed—the hand of death is on me. I was taken ill, and the hardships off Cape Horn, and getting wet so much, my legs and hands began to swell, and I lost my appetite, and have been forty days dwindling away, but the Lord has been good to me. I have an humble hope, through grace and the merits of His dear Son, my Saviour, that I shall be admitted to the rest of the saints in light, although utterly unworthy of myself. I could say much, but am weak. Remember me to all my friends—tell them I die in charity with all men. Dear wife, do not mourn after me. To die in Christ is gain. And now farewell, dear wife, this side of

eternity. I am going 'where the wicked cease to trouble, and where the weary are at rest.' " He wrote much more to the same effect. The mate wrote home that the captain's last hours were very calm and peaceful. Is not this one conversion worth all our means and labor?

I received a letter from a seaman in the port of San Francisco, who was converted to God at the same time with Capt. Johnson. He writes to me, and says—"Bro. Allen, I feel that I have been truly born again; old things have passed away, and all things have become new. I have been many times filled with love and praise to God on the passage, when I would rise up in the morning and gaze upon a display of the wisdom and power of my Heavenly Father. We have had refreshing seasons of prayer in the cabin. Capt. H. has been kind to me, and treated me more like a brother than a stranger."

I received a letter from the captain just referred to, from the same port, in which he states they had prayers night and morning, when the weather would permit, and the Lord was with them in the cabin. He writes—"After they had doubled Cape Horn, and got into the Pacific, he had rough weather; a sea struck them with great violence, which caused the vessel to spring a leak so badly they thought all was gone, but they found the Lord to be a present help in trouble, they put their trust in him, and kept the pumps going night and day until they run into Valparaiso. The Lord was with us, and saved us out of all our trouble. O, brother Allen, pray for us poor seamen." These are encouraging facts for us to go on in this good work of the Lord. Our congregation has increased very much, and they are attentive to the Word, and appear to take great interest in it. At our protracted meeting in the winter we had refreshing seasons—a number of souls were converted, and among them some seamen.

<i>Receipts of the Am. Bethel Society</i> <i>for quarter ending Oct. 1st, 1851,</i>		
THOS. FARNHAM, <i>Treas.:</i>		
Albany Mid. Dutch chh.,		
\$10 10; A. Pillsbury,		
\$5; C. P. Williams, \$5;		
John Winne, \$5, - -	\$	25 10
Bloomington Independent chh.,	Rev. A. Craig,	
L. D., \$40 00; Dr. Cul-		
vert, \$5; J. J. Whited,		
\$1; cash, \$1, - -		47 00
Brooklyn Plymouth chh.,		
Rev. H. W. Beecher, L.		
D., \$50 00; H. Sheldon,		
\$5; A. P. Stanton, L.		
M., \$20, - -		75 00
Brooklyn South Res. chh.,		
Rev. Sam. J. Spear, D.D.		45 55
Camden, Pres. chh., -		39 35
Chittennengo, Ref. D. chh.,		17 44
Clinton, Congrega. chh.,		
\$64,10; Bap. chh., \$5, -		69 10
East Hampton, L. I., Rev.		
Enoch E. Wines, L. D.,		34 67
East Whitehall, Cong. chh.		6 36
Fayetteville, Bap. chh., -		15 00
Granville, E. Dayton, \$2;		
J. C. Parker, \$1, -		3 00
Hudson, Mr. Mickle, -		5 00
Johnstown, - -		10 55
Lansingburgh, 2d Pres.		
chh., - -		14 26
Ludlow, Vt., Bap. chh., -		12 00
Madison, Pres. chh., \$34;		
Bap. chh., 12,12, -		46 12
Manlius, Pres. chh., 27,50;		
Meth., 5, - -		32 50
Mexico, Meth. chh., 18,68;		
Cong. chh., 7,13; Pres.		
chh., 8,25, - -		34 06
Newark, Bap. chh., -		5 00
New Brunswick, Rev. Dr.		
Janeway, - -		12 00
New York Mills, Pres. chh.		49 00
North Granville, Bap. chh.		12 21
New Haven, Meth. chh., -		4 12
Norwich, Pres. chh., -		4 37
Oneida, Pres. chh., 20,00;		
Bap. chh., 8,50, - -		28 50
Quality Hill, Cong. chh.,		9 00
Painted Post, Pres. chh.,		11 00
Paris Hill, Pres. chh., -		17 00
Ripley, Mrs. Ely, - -		6 00
Rushville, Pres. chh., -		43 50
Saquoit, Pres. chh., -		20 75
Troy, P. Heartt, L. M., 20;		

2d Pres. chh.,	6,72;	
cash, 2,00,	-	28 72
Union Village,	-	12 94
Utica, Broad st. Bap. chh.,	-	32 29
Waterville, Pres. chh.,	-	32 00
Washington Co. Union		
Bap. Association,	-	8 20
Webster,	-	12 00
Western, Pres. chh.,	-	21 00
Westfield, Meth.chh.,	3,61;	
Hon. G. W. Patterson,	5,	8 61
Westport, Mrs. Loveland,		1 00
Individual contributions on		
the Hudson river,	-	29 50
		<hr/>
		\$925 77

Sailor's Magazine.

The Magazine for January, March, and April, 1851, are much needed at this office to complete volumes. Also, Nos. for September, 1850.

Account of Monneys.

From Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, 1851.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev Reuben N Loomis, by First Meth	
Epis Ch, Williamsburgh, N Y,	\$57 50
Rev Peter D Oakley, by Pres Ch, Jamaica, N Y,	- 56 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Philender W Stebbins, by Seventh Pres	
Ch, N Y,	20 00
Stephen Hoff, do, do,	20 00
Hiram B Littell, do, do,	20 00
Francis Duncan, do, do,	20 00
Rev William H Goodrich, by Cong'l	
Soc'y, Bristol, Ct,	38 00
Mrs Henrietta S Corwin, by Goodwill	
Ch. Montgomery, N Y,	20 00
Rev Eli Corwin, by Pres Ch, Denton,	
N Y,	20 00
Nathan Lane, N Y,	
Mrs Anna Estey, by two friends, N H,	
(amount ackn'd below)	
John H Clarke, by Ladies S F Society,	
Rochester, Mas, (amt ackn'd below),	-
Mrs Rebecca B Medbury, by L S F Soc.	
Newburyport, Mass (amt ack'd below)	
Mrs Mary N Graves, do, do,	
Mrs Catharine Kitchen, Newbury Port,	
Mass, by Ladies S F Society (amount	
rec ived Sept. 1850),	
Rev E F Cooley, by Pres Ch, Ewing, N J	20 00
Tim. Bishop, of North Ch, N Haven, Ct,	
George M Woodward, Esq, by Rev Mr	
Maltby's Cong'n, Taunton, Mss,	36 00
William F Whittemore, Holliston,	
Mss, by his father (amt ackn'd below)	
Rev J H Merrill, by Cong'l Soc'y,	
Montague, Mass,	25 95

Donations.

From John H Hurtin, N Y,	-	3 00
" Mr Porter, Philadelphia,	-	4 85
" Cong'l Soc'y of Farmington, Ct,	-	36 70
" A Friend in Cheshire	-	1 00
" Meth Epis Ch, Bristol, Ct,	-	10 00
" Baptist Church, do,	-	3 75
" Mrs Hannah Howell, Coldenham,		
N Y,	-	2 00
" Ladies S F Soc'y, Concord, N H	-	50 00
" Mrs Betsey Punderson, Hunting-		
ton, Ct,	-	5 00
" Ref'd Dutch Ch, Newburg, N Y,	-	20 00
" Brick Church, N Y,	-	225 50
" Central Pres Church, N Y,	-	66 52
" Second Pres Ch, Newark, N J,	-	34 74
" Allen-street Pres Church, N Y,	-	47 32
" A Friend in Central Pres Church,		
N Y,	-	5 00
" Pres Church, Bloomfield, N. J.	-	39 00
" A Mite in God's Cause,	-	1 00
" C T Prentice, Easton, Ct,	-	2 00
" Cong'l Soc'y, New Milford, Ct,	-	11 00
" A Friend -	-	5 00
" Olive-street Cong'l Soc'y, Nash-		
an, N H	-	71 26
" Rev E G Swift, New Haven, Ct,	-	5 00
" Young Ladies S F Society, Attle-		
boro, Mss,	-	25 00
" N Post, Newport, N Y,	-	10 00
" Ladies S F Soc'y, Newbury Port,		
Mss, for Shipwreck'd Sailors, and		
Bethel Flag for Panama	-	40 00
" C Thayer, West Chesterfield,		
Mss,	-	1 00
" Centre Church, New Ha-		
ven, Ct,	-	\$184 69
" North Church, do,	-	123 81
" Third Cong'l Soc'y, do,	-	61 75
" Chapel Street " do,	-	43 74
" Members in First Meth		
Epis Ch, do,	-	24 75
" President Day, do,	-	10 00
" President Woolsey, do,	-	5 00
" Howe-street Cong'l Soc'y,		
do, (in part)	-	18 50
" A Friend, N Y,	-	2 00
" A Lady, N Y,	-	2 00
" Cong'l Soc'y, Sunderland, Mss,	-	24 38
" Cong'l Soc'y, Shelburne, Mss,	-	14 88
" Triutarian Soc'y, Bridgewater,		
Mss,	-	6 05
" Rev Mr Dowse's Cong'n, Sher-		
burne, Mss,	-	14 72
" Christian Free Gift Association,		
Lawrence, Mss,	-	5 00
" Cong'l Ch & Soc'y, Holliston,		
Mss, (in addition to \$28 pre-		
viously received,)	-	44 17
" Michael Shepherd, Treas'r Salem		
Bapt Asso,	-	10 17
		<hr/>
		\$1,694 70

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

From Ladies S F Soc'y, Concord, N H,	
16 sheets, 36 pr pillow-cases, 31	
towels, 1 quilt.	
" No. 194 Broadway, N Y, sundry	
articles,	
" Mrs Lucy A Benton, Hartford, Ct,	
6 pr socks.	
" Young Ladies S F Society, Attle-	
boro, Mss, 2 comfortables, 2	
quilts, 4 pr sheets, 7 pr pillow-	
cases, 7 shirts, 1 pr socks.	

Colored Sailor's Home, N. Y.

From Mrs Lucy A Benton, Hartford, Ct,	
6 pr stocks.	